

GENEVA PALLADIUM.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1821.

Number 267.

CONDITIONS OF THE GENEVA PALLADIUM.

The following are the TERMS on which this paper will be published, and can in no instance be departed from.

To village subscribers, Two Dollars, and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half-yearly.

To those living out of the village, to call at the office, Two Dollars, payable as above.

To mail subscribers, Two Dollars, payable in advance, or if punctuality not observed, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged.

To those sent by Post-Riders, \$2.50, payable quarterly.

To companies of 13 or upwards, to pay in advance, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; otherwise, Two Dollars, payable half-yearly.

Subscribers for less than six months, must in all cases pay in advance. No papers discontinued without payment full of arrearages.

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted three weeks for one Dollar, and for every subsequent insertion, Twenty-five Cents. A deduction of twenty-five per cent made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisements discontinued without orders and a settlement.

All Letters and Communications must be post paid.

PRINTING.
BLANKS, CARDS, HAND-BILLS, &c. &c. &c.

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS, ACCURACY AND EXPEDITION, AT THE PALLADIUM OFFICE.

LAY'S Map of New York.

THE second edition, revised and corrected, is completed and will shortly be delivered to subscribers in the western part of this state, on the following conditions—

In Sheet, - - - - - 7.00

Made portable in book, 10.00

Mounted on Rollers and Varnished, - - - - - 11.00

We have examined a Map of the State of New York, including the upper part of the state of Pennsylvania, published by AMOS LAY, and it appears to us to be accurate, and to contain all the Counties up to this time, correctly designated, and to be well worthy of public patronage.

DE WITT CLINTON, Governor.

JAMAS KENT, Chancellor.

JOHN TAYLOR, Lieut. Governor.

ANDREW ELLICOTT, Professor of Mathematics, West Point.

M. VAN BUREN, late Attorney General.

S. VAN RENSSLAER, late Lieut. Governor.

ROBERT TROUP, Agent of the Pultey Estate.

DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, Vice President.

W. W. VAN NESS, Judges of the Supreme Court.

NATHAN FORD, First Judge of St. Lawrence county.

GIDEON GRANGER, late P. M. General.

ADM. VAN VECHTEN, late Attorney General.

JOSEPH ELLICOTT, Resident Agent of the Holland Land Company.

I have examined the above Map, and think it a desideratum; its execution, so far as Mr. Lay is concerned, is, in my opinion, correct and well, and I recommend it to those who wish to acquire a knowledge of the country it embraces, as equal and even superior to any extant.

A. SPENCER, Chief Justice of the State of N. Y.

The above Maps are for sale by the author at his Map Establishment, No. 619, South Market-street, Albany.

N. B. Subscriptions for the above Map received at this office.

The sale of Septimus Evans' property is further postponed till the 24th of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to take place at the Hotel in Geneva—a particular description of the property will be given on said day.—Dated Jan. 27, 1821.

N. ALLEN, late Sheriff.

J. L. SMITH, Deputy.

FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY ADVERTISER BANK NOTE EXCHANGE.

U. States Bank notes not payable in this city. dis. 1-2

NEW-YORK CITY AND STATE NOTES.

New-York City Notes par

Barker's Exchange Bank 87 1-2

Banks of Albany par

Banks of Troy par

Mowhawk Bank, Schenectady par

Tianningburg Bank par

Bank of Newburg if not signed with red ink par

Do. with red ink dis. 1-2

Do. payable in Ithaca 1

Washington & Warren B. 60 a 62 1-2

Orange County Notes 1-2

Catskill 1-2 a 3-4

Hudson Bank 87 1-2 a 90

Columbia Bank at Hudson 1-2

Middle District 1-2

Bank of Niagara 85

Jacob Barker's notes filled up with red ink and payable in country notes 87 1-2

Aqueduct Association at Catskill 1

Auburn Bank 3-4

Bank of Geneva 3-4

Central Bank at Cherry-Valley 3-4

Chenango Bank 1 1-2 a 2

Columbia Receivables 1-2

Hudson do 87 1-2

Utica Bank 3-4

Utica Insurance Company 5

Utica Branch at Canandaigua 3-4

Ontario Bank at ditto 3-4

Ontario Bank at Utica 1-2

Jefferson County Bank 40

Plattsburgh Notes 1 1-2 a 2

NEW-JERSEY NOTES

Jersey Bank par

Banks in Newark par

State Bank at Elizabethtown par

Banks in New-Brunswick par

State Bank at Patterson par

State Bank at Morristown* par

Sussex Bank par

Trenton Banking Company par

State Bank at Trenton 1 1-2 a 2

State Bank at Camden 1 1-2 a 2

Farmer's Bank, Mount Holly 1 1-2 a 2

Cumberland Bank 1 1-2 a 2

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport Bank par

Eagle Bank at New-Haven, if made payable in this city par

New-Haven Bank do. par

Hartford Bank if do. do. par

Middletown Bank 1-2

Phenix Bank at Hartford 1-2

Derby Bank 1-2

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston Banks 1

Springfield Bank 1 1-4

Hampshire Bank at Northampton 1 1-2

Salem Banks 1 1-2

Worcester Bank 1 1-2

Other Massachusetts notes 1 1-2

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES

VERMONT, (Burlington) 1 1-2 a 2

RHODE ISLAND

Providence Bank 1 1-2

Washington Bank at Westerly 1 1-2

Other Banks 1 1-2

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia City Notes par a 1-2

Silver Lake 60 a 62 1 2

Germantown Bank 1 a 2

Bank of Delaware County 1 a 2

Bank of Chester 1 a 2

Farmer's Bank of Bucks co. 1 a 2

New Hope Delaware Bridge company 1 a 2

Bank of Montgomery Co. at Noristown 1 a 2

Unincorporated Banks uncertain

*If less than \$5. 1 a 1 1-2 per. c. dis

FROM HUTTON'S "LEISURE HOURS." WINTER THOUGHTS.

When from the black and threatening west,
The wrathful tempest blows,
The wailing wind whistles through my breast,
But not my nose.

When from the east, both loud and dread,
The winds come charged with snows,
The broad umbrella guards my head,
But not my toes.

And underneath though widely spread,
The wind the cold still throws;
And, strange the effect, the end makes red,
Of my poor nose.

When to the rain the snows do yield,
A soaking current flows;
Nor can my strong suwarrows shield
My fearful toes.

O! when shall genial spring appear,
And blush the fragrant rose,
When winter cease to fill with fear
My naked nose.

When frowning skies no longer shed,
Their rains yet scarcely froze,
With every step my feet do tread,
To chill my toes.

Yet life is but a winter's day,
And true 'tis, such of those as
Are doomed to travel long this way,
Must bear cold noses.

And wherefore should a mortal weep,
To feel this winter's snows,
Though they be full a fathom deep,
To freeze his toes?

Death shall another climate unfold,
O'er all the grave shall close;
No longer shall his toes feel cold,
No, nor his nose.

Good Manners and Good Breeding.
Good manners is the art of making
those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons
uneasy is the best bred in the company.

As the best law is founded upon
reason, so are the best manners. And
as some lawyers have introduced
unreasonable things into common law,
so likewise many together have introduced
absurd things into common good
manners.

One principal point of this art is, to
suit our behaviour to several degrees
of men; our superiors, our equals, and
those below us.

For instance, to press either of the
two former to eat or drink is a breach
of manners; but a tradesman or a farmer
must be thus treated, or else it will
be difficult to persuade them that they
are welcome.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense,
are the three great sources of ill man-
ners; without some one of these de-
fects, no man will behave himself ill
for want of experience, or of what, in
the language of fools, is called
knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an incident
wherein reason will not direct us what
to say or do in company, if we are not
misled by pride or ill nature.

Therefore I insist that good sense is
the principal foundation of good man-
ners; but, because the former is a gift
which very few among mankind are
possessed of, therefore all the civilized
nations of the world have agreed upon
fixing some rules upon common behav-
iour, best suited to their general cus-
toms or fancies, as a kind of artificial
good sense, to supply the defects of
reason. Without which the gentle-
manly part of dunces would be perpet-
ually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when
they happened to be drunk, or engaged
in squabbles about women or play.

And, God be thanked, there hardly
happens a duel in a year, which may
not be imputed to one of these three
motives. Upon which account, I
should be exceedingly sorry to find the
legislature make any new laws against
the practice of duelling; because the
methods are easy and many, for a wise
man to avoid a quarrel with honor, or
engage in it with innocence. And I
can discover no political evil in suffer-
ing lullies, sharpers and rakers, to rid
the world of each other by a method
of their own, where the law has not
been able to find an expedient.

The excesses of our youth are drafts
upon our old age, payable with inter-
est about thirty years after date.

There are no two things so much
talked of, and so seldom seen as virtue
and the funds.

THE MONITOR.

"How comfortable a good fire is in a cold night?" said my wife Amy, as she brushed up the hearth, and put on a few sticks of wood that remained in the corner. Yes, I immediately replied, as is my custom to do to whatever she affirms, and presently fell into a reverie. But all of a sudden the expression returned to my mind, and like one of John Locke's humdrum ideas, would not by all the arts I possessed, be for a moment banished. Being thus compelled to attend to and reflect upon it, I very soon perceived there was something more in the idea than at first observed, or than is generally associated with the expression.

Night had thrown her dark curtains round the mansion—stern winter had clothed the ground with his fleecy robes, locked up each stream that meandered o'er the field, and shaply whistled through the north key-hole—sable were the heavens, for every gleam of the twinkling stars was intercepted by an impenetrable canopy of clouds; but the taper burned brightly upon my stand—the fire blazed and crackled upon my hearth—Amy was happy and contented, and I enjoyed all that a moderate mind could wish; but still my heart was heavy—I felt that all who were as desiring as myself did not enjoy half those blessings.

When in fancy I looked around, and saw a wealthy man, sitting by his fire, and indulging in all the luxuries which could gratify the senses, I said unto myself, that man dost not reflect "how comfortable a good fire is in a cold night," or he would remember the poor these hard times and this inclement season of the year.

When I saw my neighbor at the "grog shop," sitting by a stove that would not evaporate the nauseous slime bespattered over it by the miserable scape-grace creatures who hovered round, I could not help exclaiming, "Oh, that poor Mr. J.—really knew how comfortable a good fire is in a cold night," in the society of a man's wife and children then he would be at home, enjoying it, instead of shivering here in this miserable abode of drunk-ness, filth and profanity!

When I heard a man who had his thousands at interest, exclaiming "hard times, nothing to be made now—a-days—wages must come down—every body will be ruined," &c. &c. merely because he could not accumulate wealth as fast as he did a few years since, when the whole country was rapidly gliding down the full tide of successful speculation; poor man, I would exclaim to myself, if a few words from one younger than thyself would not offend thee, I would whisper in thy ear from my very heart—think "how comfortable a good fire is in a cold night," and how many other blessings thou dost possess; then be contented—be thankful—look around thee, see how many lack what thou canst spare, and be merciful!

FROM THE VILLAGE RECORD.

Mr. Recorder.—In my last letter I gave you an account of my old acquaintance, Archibald Noisy; and if you have the room to spare, I intend to sketch to you the likeness of a number of my acquaintances; and this week present you that of my neighbor Ralph Idle, and his family.

Nor far below me, on the other side of the Brandywine, situated in the notch of the hill, stands the habitation of Ralph. It is a log hut, but 10 by 18, with only one room, and notwithstanding the facility with which they might have been stopped, such holes are suffered to remain between the logs that you may in twenty places thrust your arm through them.

The windows in front have still three panes of glass entire; the others are either entirely out, or stuffed with rags that formerly belonged to an old carpet.

Since the pleasant weather came on, I had occasion to go over to see Ralph. He is a sturdy fellow, about five and thirty—can plough a furrow or swing a flail with any man in Chester county—can manage a team with the best carter on the turnpike; and indeed, the lazy dog, knows how to make himself comfortable, and might render himself comfortable.

It was about 11 o'clock when I arrived at the door—lounging on the bench sat half a dozen ragged children, the eldest asleep having a hound for his pillow. The door was open, and in a cradle near it lay a plump

child of three years old, while the mother sat by its side with a little switch, chiefly intent upon keeping a small pig, the only live animal about the premises, out of the house, and numming to herself, in a low drowsy tone.

Nine links of yarn for a guinea shall go.

Grammariary, vixiniary venio."

On enquiring for Ralph, she told me he was some where about the house—and my eye presently discovered him. He had stretched himself on a rock on the sunny side of the hill, his segar in his mouth, and had fallen fast asleep.

Ralph had 17 acres of fine land—thanks to the wisdom of his wife's father, that he cannot sell it. A perfect paradise it might be made by moderate, healthful and delightful industry—it is now little better than a barren waste. On waking up the following I told him, without much softness of manner, that I must be paid the ten dollars I had lent him to buy a cow last fall, which he had faithfully promised to pay me by threshing. Upon my honor, Mr. Harwood said he, this times are prodigious hard—no money stirring—I can't get a penny where it is due to me. And he yawned till the upper part of his head dropped back like the top of a tin coffee pot—in fine, I got no satisfaction from him, and should have returned home utterly disgusted, had not my path led me past the charming little spot of Peter Christy.—But of him and his in my next.

JOHN HARWOOD.

The most ignorant men are generally the most subject to violent passions, and a weak intellect is commonly accompanied by an obstinate and ungovernable temper.

Activity is no excuse for a fault; an honest heart will always, as the temptation increases act the more firmly and uprightly.

Heat of temper is one of the principal obstacles to the tranquility of life, and is often detrimental to bodily health. It has often with the assistance of a very few words, spoken without thought, robbed men of their most valuable friends, and embittered the remainder of their days with the most painful remorse.

A fact.—During the intense cold weather of the last week, while thousands were crossing the North River on the ice, a settler while busily engaged in dealing out liquor to his numerous customers about midway of the river—A man coming from the Jersey shore in his eagerness to get a small horn, broke through the ice—A wag at the stand, tip'd the settler on the elbow with, "Sir, there has a man just slip'd down your cellar—you had better look to him, or your liquors will be in danger."—Newark Centinel.

As an appendage to a Barber's Sign in the West of England, is the following, which is literally copied, viz:

I poules teeth fur foax and bleads them and also kners agoods and my wyl kners the gaudus—Lyke wys wee booth keeps an evening skule.

A beggar asking alms under the name of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a question in Latin: the fellow shaking his head, said, "he did not understand him." "Why," said the gentleman, "did you not say you were a poor scholar?" "Yes," replied the other, "a poor one indeed, sir: I don't understand one word of Latin."

A gentleman once paying his addresses to a young lady, the daughter of a very wealthy planter, in—and of course entitled to the honor of being very accomplished, inquired of her if she was not lonesome, there being no society in the neighborhood, and how she spent her time: she replied she was not lonesome—that she amused herself with reading and writing: he asked her whether she was most fond of writing prose or poetry—"Nary one," says she, "I writes small hand."

An Irish laborer being told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "this is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."